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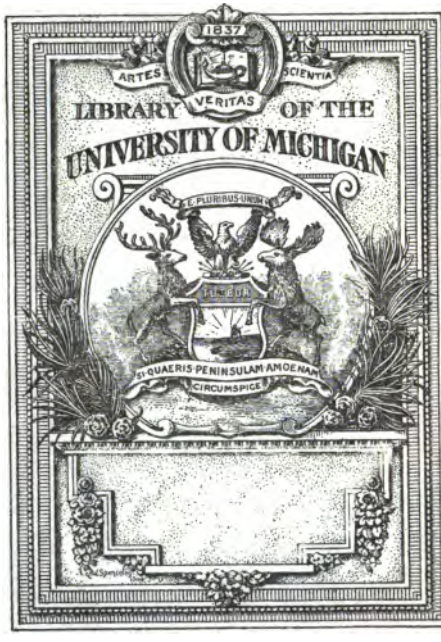
HENRY W. GRADY

The Editor-The Orator-The Man

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J. W. LEE


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HENRY W. GRADY

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THE EDITOR
THE ORATOR
THE MAN

BY JAMES W. LEE

Author of "The Making of a Man," "Earthly Footsteps of the Man of Galilee," etc.

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To

COL. EVAN P. HOWELL

AND

MR. W. A. HEMPHILL,

WHO FOUNDED AND HAVE GUIDED THE FORTUNES OF THE GREAT NEWSPAPER THROUGH WHICH HENRY W. GRADY GAVE HIS MESSAGE OF HOPE AND INSPIRATION TO THE PEOPLE OF HIS COUNTRY.

THE MISSION OF A GREAT LIFE.

"There is a soul above the soul of each,
A mightier soul, which yet to each belongs;
There is a sound made of all human speech,
And numerous as the concourse of all songs;
And in that soul lives each, in each that soul,
Though all the ages are its lifetime vast;
Each soul that dies, in its most sacred whole
Receiveth life that shall forever last.
And thus forever with a wider span
Humanity o'erarches time and death;
Man can elect the universal man,
And live in life that ends not with his breath;
And gather glory that increases still
Till Time his glass with Death's last dust
shall fill."

Richard Watson Dixon.

INTRODUCTION.

Human life, in all its length and depth and breadth, is one. Like a vast ocean, it throws itself against the shores of all time and sends up its waters to fill and feed and refresh the heart of every man. The waters upon which the ships sail up to the quay of Liverpool to-day are the same that washed the shores of England in the time of Julius Cæsar. The waves which sob and murmur between the dangerous rocks of Jaffa to-day are the same that held in their arms the crafts that brought the cedars from Lebanon which Solomon used in the building of the Temple.

The life that throbs in the hearts of the fourteen hundred millions of peo-

ple who live on the earth to-day is the same life that throbbed in human hearts when Rameses II. oppressed the children of Israel, and when Shishak, the King of Egypt, captured Jerusalem in the time of Rehoboam.

Shore lines have changed; here the sea has made inroads upon the land, and there the land has taken the place of the sea; but it is the same unresting, inexhaustible, briny deep that through all the ages rolls round and round the world. Individuals have appeared and passed away; new opinions have come to take the place of old ones; new hearts respond to the ever moving tide where other hearts beat before; but it is the same mysterious, unfathomable life that has lifted itself up to create and complete self-consciousness in all the individuals who have toiled and feared and hoped and lived and died on earth.

The red current that flowed from the heart of God into the veins of man created in his image in the morning of the world, has increased and extended itself over the globe and has capacity to widen itself to the utmost bounds of time.

The same atoms of oxygen and the same atoms of nitrogen have been keeping company from the beginning of man's appearance on earth, that they might feed and keep ablaze the flame of life.

The same subtle something which scientists call ether, that surrounds and penetrates all worlds and fills up the vacant spaces which seem to lie between all constellations, has been utilized from the time of Adam to the present to transport the rays of the sun over ninety-five millions of miles to light the pathway and build the forest

and produce the food for the children of God.

The lightning that draws our car and lights our street and cooks our food, is the same Elisha saw playing about the cloud that arose to put to confusion the prophets of Baal on the heights of Carmel.

There is no new ocean, no new atmosphere, no new ether, no new lightning, no new physical life. It is the same atmosphere feeding the breath, distributing the sounds, and insuring the health of the people of all races and times. It is the same ether enwrapping the stars and connecting the systems and mediating the light of the universe in all the centuries.

It is the same electricity, subtle, weird, wild, that now hides in the air like a harmless, invisible ghost, and then like a fiend writes its name in letters of fire across the bosom of the

cloud, that has been the wonder and puzzle of mortals in the flight of all the years.

So it is the same wondrous, immeasurable human life, robust in the will of Menes, the first king of Egypt; stirred by strange rumors from the skies in the spirit of Abraham, the father of the faithful; exalted and sublime and luminous as it rises to the vision of God in the mind of Moses; pathetic and mournful, as it measures the sorrow of a broken heart in the lamentations of Jeremiah; malignant and coarse and base, as it flows through the dreams of Herod; undaunted, unyielding and triumphant, as it glows in the determination of Saint Paul; wild, furious, as the pulse beats of a volcano, as it breaks from the heart of Nero; but in all it is the same life that has flowed through the length and breadth of the human race.

One life, with expressions as varied as the individuals who have found in its depths the support of their thought and feeling; one life, whose high waves we have named Abraham, Job, Confucius, Zoroaster, Buddha, Ezekiel, Daniel, Isaiah, Alexander the Great, Plato, Aristotle, Cato, Savanarola, Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Kant, Bismarck, Gladstone; and whose little waves that never rise high enough to fleck themselves with foam or crown their heads with white caps, we never name at all, but who in reality are gladdened and blest by the same life that rose in the billows which all men see.

It is a marvelous evidence of God's economy that he has used only one life to support and furnish and complete the countless personalities which have appeared upon its surface, to learn their names, to recognize their

accountability, to play their part and then to pass into the unseen.

The illustration that compares a human being to a wave of the sea, however, must not be carried too far. An individual is like a wave in the respect that he is an expression of the great underlying sea of life, but he is totally unlike a wave of the sea in the respect that in rising up he gets organized and individuated, and empowered with self-consciousness and self-determination. A wave of the sea comes up from the general fund of water and sinks back as it came up, uncolored and inarticulate. But a human being appears like a wave on the sea of life, and finds himself met and held and possessed by a spirit which claims him and marks him and puts the stamp of personality upon him, and breathes the power and immensity of personality within him; then it is that he becomes

conscious that he is distinct and separate from the general fund of life.

He is then no longer harnessed in the traces of physical forces, along with the damps and the winds. It is true he still finds himself housed in a mansion of perishing elements, held by the laws of gravity and rising and falling with the changing temperature; but with the dawn of self-consciousness he sees breaking around him the light of a new day and lying before him the shores of a new world.

He has passed from the realm of matter ponderable and measurable and quantitative to the realm of spirit, imponderable, immeasurable and qualitative. He is no longer a child of time; he is a citizen of eternity. The waters of the great, heaving, human sea still rise around his heart; but back into their liquid arms they can no more pull and disintegrate and scatter

his self-determining soul. Instead of being subject to the subconscious billows of life and so loosely put together that they are able easily to pull him apart, he finds the billows are subject to him and that over their angry heads and through their surging folds he can ride on his triumphant way. Life lifts him up but does not possess him as the sea possesses the wave; he possesses it. He can use it to ride against the breakers or to bear him to some friendly shore.

He can use electricity to send a message of good will to a friend across the sea, or he can appropriate it and store it for the purpose of burning his neighbor's house. He can use the vibrations of the atmosphere to bear from his lips the curses which measure his rage, or the prayers which indicate his devotion. So the life which rises within him to make possible the dis-

covery of his personal spirit, he can use in building a saint, or in furnishing and equipping a future of unutterable misery.

Strange, that from the same life one man should sip the elixir that eternally cheers the soul, and that another should drink the gall that embitters it forever.

The contrast in the different uses men have made of life is infinite. Cheops used it to build a temple of stone to repose in after death, that promises to last as long as the Alps; Enoch used it to cultivate the acquaintance of God, and learned in three hundred years so completely how to adjust himself to the companionship of Heaven that God took him.

Moses used it to tread the lonely and sublime heights where the finite spirit enters into correspondence with the infinite Spirit,

David used it to convert into song and prayer and praise, and though weighted with the cares of state, he devoted enough of his life to silent meditation to enable him to write the literature that has been the support of the spirit in its attempts to rise to God ever since.

Isaiah used it to look across the centuries to the time when the knowledge of the Lord should cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Socrates used it to call off the attention of the youth of Athens from the deceitful and sordid ways of life to the honorable and serene majesty of intellectual manhood.

Alexander the Great used it as so much furious force with which to carry devastation and despair to the peoples of the world.

Saint John used it to feed as amiable a heart and to sustain a disposition as

tender and sweet as ever moved amid the conflicts of time.

Robert Raikes converted his life into clothes for ragged children, and into knowledge and hope and heaven for ignorant and lost children.

Charles Dickens used up his life in the formation of stories that awakened anew in the world a sense of kinship and brotherhood among men.

George Peabody converted his life into the accumulation of money that he might use it to widen the horizon of thought and increase nobility of spirit among the youth of coming times.

So variously have men used the gift of life; coming to one man only once, bringing opportunities to shore in his spirit only once, it would seem that every man would have made the most of it; that he would have sounded its translucent depths in order that he

might bring to the furnishment of his personality all that it had to give; but this is not the case; but a cursory glance over the history of the race is sufficient to show us that more men have used life as a decoction from which to distill bitterness than have used it as an essence from which to draw hope and peace.

Like immortal ships the spirits of great men sail the ocean of time, bearing the treasures and the archives of the civilizations which gave them birth. They outride the fury of all the storms and will sail on till:-

"The stars grow old,
The sun grows cold,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold."

A nation is unfortunate beyond expression that has no son with genius wide and universal enough to embody and convey to the future her history. Whatever may be her wealth and her

commercial importance, she is without a future.

Babylon was a vast and rich empire; she embraced the most fertile portion of the globe; she had a capitol that eclipsed all others in splendor and wealth; but among her people she found no man amply endowed enough to understand and give permanent mental setting to her faith and her civilization. Her heart throbs, whatever they were, got interpreted in no poem, explained in no philosophy, and written in no history. For knowledge of her we are dependent upon her ruins, her broken columns, and her pottery. Among none of her luxurious inhabitants did she find a genius to commit the keeping of her secrets and the records of her progress. Into oblivion has fallen all that bejeweled and pampered life that revelled in her magnificent palaces and amid her far-

famed hanging gardens. Over it all has settled the stillness of the desert, and the gloom of eternal night.

On the other hand, how secure is the Greece that flowered in her great men. She has been despoiled of her art treasures, her temples have fallen, the Parthenon is in ruins, but the two hundred years of her life which she deposited in her great men are immortal. No tooth of time, no war's bloody hand, no devastation of the years, can take from her the glory which she lifted and locked in the genius of her generals, her artists, her statesmen, and her philosophers.

Epaminondas and Pericles still fight for her and guard with sleepless vigilance her fair name. Plato and Aristotle still interpret her problems of destiny. Sophocles and Pindar still sing her glory. Herodotus and Thucydides still keep the record of her victo-

ries. Demosthenes and Æschines still declare her matchless eloquence. Appelles and Phidias still give imperishable expression to her conceptions of form and beauty. She deposited her riches in the spirits of her great men, and they are forever secure. No thief can steal them; no rust can corrupt them. The unfolding centuries may look in upon them and enjoy them, but their passage through the years cannot be arrested.

"The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathom'd centre. Like that Ark
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drown'd hills, the human family,
And stock reserv'd of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds."

It was the misfortune of Tyre that she had no son among all her merchant princes with genius universal and deep enough to bear to distant ages a record of her inner life.

Life in Tyre took the form of sails which were spread to every breeze, and the strokes of oars heard in the waters af every sea. Her life stood in many storied houses, rustled in the silk of Tyrian purple, and uttered itself in the ears of all the world. But what the people of Tyre thought about death, or immortality, or duty, or righteousness, or religion, or philosophy, or poetry, or literature, or farming, or plowing, or cooking, or even sea-faring or trade, we can never know.

Her life simply lifted itself into the mammoth and unparalleled products of the merchandise of ancient times. It took the form of wharves, of ships, of purple awning, of revelry, of eating, of drinking, of low sensual pleasure; hence it has been utterly swept away. It stood only in masts, shipboards, ivory benches, sails, pilots, mariners, towers, silver, iron, tin, lead, brass, horses,

mules, broidered work, fine linen, coral, agate, honey, oil, balm, wool, cassia, calamus, precious clothes, chariots, lambs, spices, chests, merchants, riches, sardius, topaz, diamond, beryl, onyx, jasper, sapphire, emerald, carbuncle, tabrets and pipes.

Through these it lifted itself up and defied the laws of God and man. It brought them together and piled them the one upon the other without reference to the moral law, which is to the spiritual world what the laws of gravity are to the physical. Hence, though they made of them the highest and most glittering heap that ever responded to the rays of the sun on earth before, they were disintegrated and scattered by war and caught by the sea and to-day are buried under its ever-moving waters.

Of Tyre we know something from Ezekiel, something from Herod, and

something from Strabo, and something from the Bible and historians among surrounding nations. But as far as the people of Tyre themselves are concerned, they have mingled with the dust or gone to the depths of the sea without leaving a single record that enables us to get the history of that splendid, wealthy, thundering, unrighteous city.

It was a magnificent pageant; it was a lurid, multitudinous dream; it was a vision, streaked with will-o'-the-wisp fire, thrown up from the damps of appetite and passion.

It was an unreal air castle, raised at great labor, without foundation, and harmonizing with nothing that was fixed and eternal.

It was a nightmare, filled with regal and splendid actors, but uttering their speech and playing their part and filling the nights of centuries to no purpose;

a nightmare to be broken and scattered without a trace of its meaning and awful reality with the dawn of a better day.

It was a tragedy where merchant princes executed the wild and unregulated play, but with no Shakespeare to transmute it into spiritual and everlasting form.

It was a poem, with rhyme and all the accompaniments of human interests, with passion and cloud and fire and birth and death; but with no Tasso to bear it to coming generations.

It was a history typifying and illustrating the stages of human life from Eden, where man walked with God, to the bottom of hell, where he lived with devils; but with no Herodotus to record it.

It was a drama, where angels from heaven and fiends from the pit contended with the human spirit, and

where the human spirit refused the companionship of angels and chose rather to consort with fiends; but with no Milton to clothe it in forms insuring it immortality.

Tyre was so busy eating and dressing and drinking and trading and reveling that she raised no son to give eternal setting in poetry or history or tomb or art or religion to her dark, unsounded and unuttered life.

Jerusalem has been plundered and pillaged seventeen times; but no city has existence so secure, because it has been transmuted from the realm of rock and marble and gold and war and hate and blood, to the realm of undying thought and unfailing spirit.

There is the Jerusalem of Melchisedec, transmuted by his faith into an eternal city rising above the storms and clouds and changing fortunes of time, beautiful and fair as the morning.

There is the Jerusalem of the Jebusites, anchored forever to the threshing floor of Araunah.

There is the Jerusalem of David, sweet and holy, lifted before all nations in rhythm and perpetually holding its place in the unchanging spheres by its notes of divine music, palaces in song, olive trees in song, gates in song, Mount of Olives in song, charming the ear and refreshing the hearts of the saints of all ages.

There is the Jerusalem of Solomon, with its temple covered with gold, glittering under the sun of the deep Syrian sky throughout all time.

There is the Jerusalem of Nehemiah, built with a weapon of warfare in one hand and an implement of industry in the other, fixed and serene in the everlasting sky.

There is the Jerusalem of Isaiah, living in thought, breathing in prophecy

and falling in tears, but rising in aspirations that are never to pass away.

There is the Jerusalem of Jeremiah, changing with the cadences of his sad and mournful poem, but unchanging and unchangeable in the fact that that poem will float it forever. In the deep and wailing heart of the prophet God raised up to tell Jerusalem of her sins, the holy city will sail like a majestic ship to the period when time shall be no more.

There is the Jerusalem of Nicodemus and of our Lord Jesus Christ, with its temple, its palace of Herod, its garden of Gethsemane, its Mount Calvary, rising in holiness and falling in sin, but fixed in its elements and in its inhabitants and in its gardens and walls forever in the literature of the New Testament.

Then there is the Jerusalem of Titus, caught and held by the mind of Josephus, with its temple still stand-

the most beautiful and costly structure ever reared by the heart of faith; with its doomed people rushing to and fro, ready to die rather than see it invaded; with the cloud of battle hanging pregnant with ruin and fire above it; and then leveled to the ground, its very site turned by the plowshare of the alien. But the temple, and the cloud, and the dying defender, and the smoking and mouldering ruins will live on through all time in the glowing periods of the historian.

There is the Jerusalem of the Crusaders, filling the songs of the gallant knights and established in the wars and history and literature of the Crusades forever.

Nothing is more rational than the tribute we pay to the lives of great men. They really represent the history and toil and trial and struggle of the nations to which they belong. It

is well for us to learn that the States of the American Union are not to find their support and their future permanence in their real estate or in their great cities, but in their men.

It is the Massachusetts of Daniel Webster and not the Massachusetts of shop and factory that will get a hearing in that coming republic over which no sun has yet arisen.

It is the Kentucky of Henry Clay that will be the proud synonym of strength when the Kentucky of fine horses and blue grass shall have been forgotten.

The South Carolina of rice and cotton and earthquakes is changing and evanescent, but the South Carolina of John C. Calhoun is as imperishable as the foundations of God's throne.

It is not the Virginia of tobacco and commercial prosperity that will be interesting to the generations yet un-

born, but they will study the Virginia folded in the spirits of Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson.

The Illinois of 1861 was not so rich in great cities and railroads as the Illinois of 1896, but the Illinois of the first period will be better known in the ages to come, because it was fortunate enough to find a great spirit in the person of Abraham Lincoln to commit the history of her courage, her convictions, and her aspirations.

Twenty years of Southern history, from 1870 to 1890, gathered itself into the life of a young man about whose name there hangs a charm the passing years will not dispel. Memories that are dear to the generation that has grown up since the war cluster about the name of Henry W. Grady. His name is accompanied by a fragrance that refreshes like the bloom of spring. It stands for a gentle and lov-

ing spirit that appropriated the melody of song, the mystery of light, and the beauty of flowers, to turn them into tears for those who wept, and into cheers for those who rejoiced. It stands for a personality that was lifted into historic position by the love of his countrymen, and which was charged with the high duty of bearing to future generations the traditions and hopes and history of a great time. The recent struggles and fears and aspirations incident to the renovation and reconstruction of the Southern States gathered themselves into his life. It has gone from our view, but in the dawning of days unborn, men will look into that life to measure our enterprise, to determine our purpose, and to sound our thought.

It was not by an unreasoning and arbitrary decision that from all our Southern sons Henry W. Grady was

appointed to bear our greetings and our history to the future. His spirit was large and susceptible and sympathetic. In it there were chords that responded to all the notes in the life about him. In it the scale was complete, and notes of pain, notes of conflict, notes of joy, came back in song.

> "He saw on earth another light
> Than that which lit his eye
> Come forth, as from the soul within,
> And from a higher sky."

Whatever of commotion and stress and friction there was without him, was turned to order and harmony when it touched his life. His spirit beat responsive to the wants of all, and carried beneath its pulses and currents kinship and fellowship with all. In it the tide of Southern life touched the high-water mark, and upon the shores of his genius left the record of its trials, its achievements, and its prospects.

Under the cover of his name they will be borne to the ages which lie folded far out in unmeasured time.

" Like a streamer strown upon the wind,
We fling our souls to fate and to the future.
We pass from one world fresh into another,
Ere change hath lost the charm of soft regret,
And feel the immortal impulse from within
Which makes the coming life cry alway, on!
And follow it while strong, is heaven's last mercy.
There is a fire-fly in the south, but shines
When on the wing. So is't with mind. When once
We rest, we darken. On! saith God to the soul.
As unto the earth forever. On it goes,
A rejoicing native of the infinite,
As is a bird, of air; an orb, of heaven."

HENRY W. GRADY

The Editor.

"Every man contains in himself the elements of all the rest of humanity. They lie in the background, but they are there. Some time or other to every man must come the consciousness of this vaster life."

—EDWARD CARPENTER.

"True word, kind deed, sweet song shall vibrate still
In rings that wander through celestial air,
And human will shall build for human will,
Fair basement to a palace yet more fair."

—W. U. U. CALL.

"In man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendor ever on before
In that eternal circle life pursues."

—BROWNING.

"To make undying music in the world
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man."

—GEORGE ELIOT.

CHAPTER I.

HENRY W. GRADY, THE EDITOR.

The glory of the mind is the possession of two eyes, the eye of sense and the eye of reason. Through the one it looks out upon the world of matter and fact. Through the other it beholds the world of idea and relation. Both worlds are real, and through the mind commerce is kept up between them. Along this mental highway material facts make a pilgrimage to the holy land of reason. There they are changed into ideas. Stars are turned into astronomy, atoms into chemistry, rocks into geology, and plants into botany. Over the same royal road ideas pass to the world of sense. There they are changed into facts. Ideas of

beauty are changed into painting, and Raphael's transfiguration blesses the world. Ideas of harmony are turned into music, and Handel's Messiah agitates the thoughts and hopes of men with the melody of the skies. Ideas of form are changed into sculpture, and Michael Angelo's Moses augments the world's fund of conviction and courage.

By changing facts into ideas the mind gives us science. By changing ideas into facts it gives us art. Without science life would be without bread; without art it would be without ideals. Science ministers to the body, art to the spirit. Men who go from things to ideas are practical; those who go from ideas to things are the seers. Seers throw the light of their genius into the dark beyond, disclosing new worlds for men. They are the leaders; they are in the vanguard of human progress. They believe:

" New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth."

They believe that:

" Lo! before us gleam truth's camp fires,
We, ourselves, must pilgrims be;
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea;
Nor attempt the Future's portal
With the past's deep-rusted key!"

I.

Henry W. Grady must be classed with the artists. He looked from the side of the mind that borders the universe of ideas, visions, relations. He was an idealist. He looked through the imagination into the kingdom of light. He saw truth and beauty and love billowing away to infinity. He despised not the world of hard limitation and fact. But he found not his rest in it, nor his inspiration. He slaked his thirst from the waters which flow from under the throne of God.

Violets and buttercups which grew on the mountain side, did not waste their fragrance as he passed by, but there they grew, covering with their blue and their beauty, the hills of day for him. Leaves in autumn woods were not ignored by him, but he cultivated the habit of looking toward the clime where the leaves never die. All sights and sounds and seasons in the world of change and death were loved by him. But a window there was in his mind looking into an illimitable realm where all sights brought gladness, all sounds hope, and all seasons inspiration. That he was by endowment an idealist, and by practice an artist, is proven by his work as an editor, his achievements as an orator, and his life as a man.

II.

With the passing years art has made great progress, not in the direction of form, or coloring, or symmetry, but toward wider distribution. In the beginning, its ministry was to kings and scholars; its advance has been toward extension rather than perfection. The pyramid of Gizeh, the most expensive monument ever seen, was reared to perpetuate the memory of a great Egyptian king. A country was drained of revenue and life to regale the pride of one man. The Parthenon ministered to a few great men in Greece. The Cathedrals of the middle ages blest and helped a wider circle. But it was left to the time which is ours to build chapels and churches, as broad in their ministry and aims as the life of humanity.

The early poetry concerned itself

about the wars of gods and the contentions of kings. As the sacredness of human life came to be seen, more and more did it tend to catch within the sweep of its rhythm the incidents and traditions and loves of the common people. It has been the glory of our day to give ideal setting to the "Old Oaken Bucket" and the "Village Blacksmith."

III.

Henry Grady had the order of genius that makes the artist. The form in which that genius expressed itself was determined by the time and the section in which he lived. The correlation of the fine arts is nearly as well accepted as the correlation of forces. The persistent physical force may express itself in heat or light or electricity or magnetism. They are all forms of the same thing, and any one may pass to any of the others.

Genius is the persistent mental force which expresses itself in art. It may take any one of its forms. Music is genius in tone. Painting is genius in color. Sculpture is genius in form. Poetry is genius in rhythm. Architecture is genius in sublime combination. Genius of the highest order is capable of expressing itself in any or all of these. Michael Angelo was by turns poet, painter, sculptor, and architect.

The genius of Henry W. Grady arose so far above the plane of ordinary talent that it was capable of transmutation into any of the fine arts. Had he lived in the thirteenth century he would have been an architect. Had he lived in the sixteenth and in Florence he would have been a painter. Had he lived in the seventeenth and in England he would have been a poet. Living in the nineteenth and in the South he was an editor and an orator.

In thought and spirit he lived in the boundless, the radiant, the beautiful. He saw visions as fair as Rubens's, and temples as perfect as that of Phidias. But his genius was controlled by his heart.

> "His genius was not a thing apart,
> A pillared hermit of the brain
> Hoarding with incommunicable art
> Its intellectual gain."

His sympathy for men was so constant and so universal that it denied his genius expression in forms which only touched the few. His love impelled his thought to expression as wide as the needs, as deep as the suffering, and as complex as the interests and relations of his fellow-men. A temple embodying his genius would not have given him so much pleasure as a poor man's heart made happy by it.

Hence, without, perhaps, thinking

so, unconsciously he selected that medium through which to express the ideas of beauty, truth and goodness which he saw that had the widest flow.

What instrument permitted him to touch most people? In what way could he get into relation with most human want? What touched man on most sides of his character and stimulated most thought and provoked most endeavor? It was the age of the newspaper. It flew into every man's home and carried a message to every man's thought. Into the newspaper he would breathe his message. Through the newspaper he would tell to men the visions which he saw of hope and help and inspiration. Not for money did he write—not for money did he care, but through writing would he make his life contribution to human weal. The newspaper became his brush and let-

ters became his pigments. Through these he determined to make known what he felt for men and what he wished for men. He had genius to embody; he had pictures to paint. The South was his canvas. Upon this broad section he would embody what he saw.

By going to every man's home with a message, stimulating and beautiful, he would stir his heart and move his will. Thus through men he would embody all over the South the ideas which he saw. He would put them into fields of waving grain. He would put them into cattle upon every hill. He would put them into a home for every family. Around every home he would plant orchards and vineyards. Over every door he would place vines and flowers. In the centers of population he would put great cities, for distribution and for help. Thus he

would paint a picture standing over men and under men and blessing men. A panorama filled with the actual things men need, rather than the representation of these to hang in great museums.

Before he left college he delivered a speech entitled "Castles of Fancy." He painted an island beautiful for situation, embraced by the mild waters of a friendly sea. This was covered with residences handsome and inviting. In these lived families without care and without want. This was the vision he had for his loved South. Through the daily newspaper he sent it, with his love to all our people. They responded to the truth he uttered. He saw his beloved section rising from the desolation of war to independence and wealth. He found his compensation in watching and recording her progress.

No Diana or Venus did he attempt

to bring from rough marble, but by loving word to put the beauty of Venus and the enterprise of Diana into every sister, mother and wife. No sublime conception did he seek to realize in temple or cathedral, but he would see his conception distributed and lifted into a dwelling for every man's family, a school for every man's children, and a church where all the people could worship God. He would see them in bridges spanning every river, in mills grinding the people's bread, in factories spinning their clothes, and in railroads transporting their products. He would see them lifted into an asylum for the blind, a shelter for the orphan, and a home where the veteran could could spend in peace his declining years.

Ideas of harmony he had, but he would see them turned into the whirr of the spindle, the ring of the hammer, the splash of the steamer's wheel

and the sound of the flying train. The music of children's laughter was sweeter to him than symphonies of Beethoven.

Ideas of poetry he doubtless had, but he would translate them into the steady march of progress, and into the pulsebeats of the happy plowman.

Let it not be thought that he sought nothing beyond the realization of his genius in the material upbuilding of his section. Because of the condition the South was in after the war this was most pressing and immediate. He would put truth in every mind, the flowers of charity in every heart, honor and fairness in every relation, and the consolation of religion in every spirit. Nor is it to be supposed that he was indifferent to the advancement of other sections of our great country, but the greatest need was in his own. While cherishing nought but love and

good will for all, his aim was to contribute toward bringing the South to a level with other sections of the Union in wealth, as it had always been in character and honor.

Did ever man have ambition nobler than to lift his countrymen from want to plenty, from dejection to hope, from misunderstanding to love and charity? Did ever fairer, lovelier vision float before artist's eye from out the sky of the ineffable to be thrown into form sublimer, or poem kinder, or music sweeter?

He used beauty to stimulate human courage, to embellish human spirit, to enlarge human thought. His conceptions gathered themselves into clothes for human forms, into bread for children's mouths, into inspiration for human hearts. He was God's almoner. Freely he received, freely he gave.

Counted by years his life was not

long, but it is my honest conviction that he got more of heaven's wealth into his time, and more of heaven's hope and joy into the hearts of his countrymen than any man of his day. He drove out more of life's shadows by the light of eternity's day, and hushed more of its tumult by the repose of eternity's truth than any man of his time.

"His magic was not far to seek—
He was so human! whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every board.
No beggar ever felt him condescend.
No prince presume; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend."

IV.

It is the conceit of those whose habit of mind is to look through the eye of sense that they see more in the actual tangible world than those who are accustomed to look through the eye

of reason. There never was a greater mistake. Those who see most in the world of mountain and sea and sky, are those who look most through imagination into the world of idea principle and relation.

Adams in England, and Leverrier in France, discovered Neptune, not by sweeping the heavens with their telescopes, but by careful ciphering in their studies. "Mr. Turner," said a friend one day to him, "I never see in nature the glows and colors you put into your pictures." "Ah! don't you wish you could, though?" was the painter's reply. In an apple's fall Newton saw the law of gravitation. Goethe sees in the sections of a deer's skull the spinal column modified. Emerson sings:

"Let me go where I will
I hear a sky born music still.
'Tis not in the stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the red-breast's yellow tone,

Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things—
There always, always, something sings."

Humboldt habitually dwelt in the realm of principles and ideas. He spent only five years in America, and it took twelve quartos and sixteen folios, and half a dozen helpers and many years to put on record what he saw.

"The poem hangs on the berry bush
When comes the poet's eye;
The street is one long masquerade
When Shakspeare passes by."

It is said that Thoreau, the idealist, saw facts as one picks buttercups and daisies in the field. The literalist sees only the fact, the idealist sees the idea in the fact and beyond the fact.

That Henry W. Grady was an idealist, that he lived close by the clime of eternal realities, and looked out upon the stars which never go down; that he revelled in the light which comes from the sun which knows no sinking; that

he kept up constant commerce with the enchanted land of beauty, is attested by the aroma that accompanied his words, and the suggestions of boundlessness and wealth which they always called forth.

Was he less practical because of this? He was more. Was he further from the real world of suffering and toil because of this? He was nearer to it. He heard the music in the mud and scum of things.

V.

He was one of the first to call attention to the wealth of our mountains. In a speech delivered some years ago he told of a burial in Pickens county, Georgia. He said the grave was dug through solid marble, but the marble headstone was from Vermont. That it was in a pine wilderness, but the pine coffin came frem Cincinnati.

That an iron mountain over-shadowed it, but the coffin nails and screws came from Pittsburg. That hard woods and metals abounded, but the corpse was hauled on a wagon from South Bend, Indiana. That a hickory grove was near by, but the pick and shovel handles came from New York. That the cotton shirt on the dead man came from Cincinnati, the coat and breeches from Chicago, and the shoes from Boston. That the folded hands were incased in white gloves which came from New York, and around the poor neck that had worn all its living days the bondage of lost opportunity was twisted a cheap cravat from Philadelphia. That the country, so rich in undeveloped resources, furnished nothing for the funeral but the poor man's body and the grave in which it awaited the judgment trump. And that the poor fellow lowered to his

rest on coffin bands from Lowell carried nothing into the next world as a reminder of his home in this, save the halted blood in his veins, the chilled marrow in his bones, and the echo of the dull clods that fell on his coffin lid.

The attention of the people he directed to the marble in our mountains, and lived to see $3,000,000 invested in marble quarries and machinery around that grave. Twenty miles from that grave he lived to see the largest marble-cutting works in the world.

He called attention to the iron in our mines, and helped to lift the iron industries of the South to rivalry with those in England and the North. He saw it advance from 212,000 tons in 1880 to the production of 845,000 in 1887.

He called attention to the immense

fund of heat God had stored away for us when he laid the foundations of the world. He helped to swell the mining industry from 3,000,000 tons of coal in 1870 to 6,000,000 in 1880, and nearly 15,000,000 tons in 1887.

He saw not only the coal and iron, but the uses coming together to which they might be turned. He saw their relation to human comfort and to civilization, and under the influence of his enthusiasm expressed in brilliant editorial through his pen, there was built some of the largest furnaces and foundries in the world. To bring this raw material of iron and wood a little way from the mountain and the forest did not satisfy him. He wished to see it carried through nail factories, shovel and pick factories, carriage and wagon factories, on the spot. He wished to see it made ready for use and started from our doors upon the rounds of

trade. He urged the application of intelligence to raw material in bridge works, car works, chain works, mill works and hinge works.

He saw the possibilities of Southern soil. In the elements which compose it, the genial skies above it, and the dews which come out of the night upon it; he saw watermelons, strawberries, cherries, grapes, pears, peaches, and all fruits and foods. His editorials on truck farming were prose poems. They carried hope and courage to the Southern farmer.

VI.

He idealized the Georgia watermelon. The blossom that bore it, the vine that nourished it, and the planter that protected it. In flavor, in beauty, in haste to get ripe, he helped it to the first place in the markets of the world. After reading one of his editorials on

the watermelon, it could be seen lying green and dew-covered in the patch, with contents sweet enough for the table of a king.

He aided the Southern strawberry to herald first in Northern markets the coming spring.

The Southern peach he made classic. He swelled its power to delight with its meat, and to suggest with its painted cheek the soft skies under which it grew.

He made the Southern ground-pea a wanderer round the world and helped it to advertise our section from the pea-nut stands of all countries.

He loved the cotton plant. In no poet's esteem did ever rose or hyacinth or violet stand higher. Its blossom opening its leaves of white to catch scarlet from the down-flowing light, revealed the birth of a king. It was interesting to him because of its rela-

tion to human comfort and use. He loved it because it caught so much of heaven's sunshine for man's use. It appropriated in the South every year from sky and ray enough cloth to protect with a suit of clothes every human being on earth. He saw more in it than its lint. He proved that though the South received $350,000,000 for its 7,000,000 bales of cotton, that it would be a valuable plant though it gave no lint at all. That after the 3,000,000,000 pounds of lint was sold for the $350,000,000, there was left 3,750,000 tons of seed. That this would supply 150,000,000 gallons of oil, which, sold at forty cents a gallon, would bring $60,000,000. Or that it might be reduced to lard, when it would produce 1,125,000,000 pounds of edible fat, which would equal in pounds 5,625,000 hogs of 200 pounds each. Allowing 200 pounds of edible fat to each person per

annum, he showed that this would keep in meat 5,625,000 citizens.

But he saw still more in the wonderful cotton plant. He proved that after the seeds are stripped of lint and the oil pressed from the seeds, that there remained of each ton of seeds 1,000 pounds of hulls and 750 pounds of meal; that this meal and hulls was unequaled as a fertilizer, of which the cotton crop of the South would yield 3,000,000 tons; that the meal was also the very best food for cattle and sheep, and fed to either produced meat or wool. He showed that it would furnish 6,586,500,000 pounds of stock food—enough to stall-feed 1,175,000 for one year, and that these in turn would furnish meat for 6,000,000 more people.

Whatever he wrote was colored and magnetized by the hue and subtle force of his own personality.

He wrapped our mountains in the glow of his genius, and sent the light of his thought through the structure of our mineral formations, and invited millions of money to the establishment of mills and foundries to work them.

He bathed our forests in the purple and pink and gold of his imagination and disclosed the value of our timber, and thus invited people to erect spoke and hub and ax-handle factories all through the Southern states.

He laid the bars and lines of his exquisite imagery on the hills and valleys of our farms, and with graceful pencilings of light from the boundless resources of his mind worked traceries with the vines over the doors of our country homes and advertised the charm of rural dwelling places.

HENRY W. GRADY

The Orator.

" What might be done, if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

" Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

" The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

" What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and lov'd each other."

CHARLES MACKAY.

CHAPTER II.

Henry W. Grady, the Orator.

As an orator Mr. Grady sought, by spoken word and direct appeal, more immediately to accomplish what engaged his attention as an editor. To build up his section in wealth, to quicken its enterprise and widen its outlook, was ever his aim as editor or orator. As an orator he was without an equal among Southern men of the younger generation.

On the rostrum he was a master. He had action, pathos, fervor. In gesture, in manner, he was grace itself. Never did the artist in him reveal itself more clearly than in one of his great speeches. He was the em-

bodiment of strength, unity and beauty. The multitudes hung upon his lips entranced. A living man had come to talk upon living issues, in words exquisitely chosen, in sentences marvelously wrought, and out of a heart overflowing with sympathy and good will.

His message was magnetized and baptized by a personality that conquered without effort. Straight to the heart it went, mingling with the blood and assimilating the thought. It captured and held in the most magical way, imagination and reason and conviction. To hear his words as they fell from the chambers of his imagery, shot through with the colors of his own soul, and filled with the truth he had to utter, was absolutely delightful. They united hearts by a spell and made them the speaker's own.

I.

Out of a few colors Rubens manufactured the radiant visions which illumine the great galleries of Europe. So Mr. Grady had ability to multiply what he saw through the eye of sense by the imagination. A scale became a fish, a leaf a tree, and a few sounds a symphony.

In 1870 he saw the actual South, poor, dispirited and desolate. But as the perturbations of Uranus suggested to Adams the existence and orbit of Neptune, her very poverty and desolation suggested the wealth and the beauty which slept in her bosom. To bid this wealth step forth from its hiding place and mingle this beauty with the purposes and hopes of her people was his work as an orator.

An invisible furnace stood by every iron mine, an invisible wagon factory

by every hickory grove, an invisible cotton mill by every field. It was his work to make these ghosts take form. He was an idealist, but his ideals were workable and transferable. Like the engine that moved out of Watt's brain to revolutionize the world, and like the telephone that moved out of Bell's brain to make us neighbors, the ideals which Mr. Grady had were useful. They could hammer and spin and weave. They could build railroads, clear forests and remove mountains.

They were not dainty, nor pale, nor thin. They were robust and hearty. They were in line with the laws of gravity and the drift of events. The stars in their courses helped them forward.

Whether they ripened in the strawberries red, or hung in the wheat's yellow sheaf, or sweetened in the water-

melon's heart, they were ever human and helpful.

Whether they hung in vines over the poor man's door, or turned in the car wheels of commerce, or remained for cheer and hope in the school-boy's breast, they were infusing purpose and urging forward.

Whether they lifted themselves up into a Young Men's Christian Association, or did their work in a veteran's home, or stirred a city to help the poor, they were the same lofty and generous ideals. They cheered and stimulated like music.

They started the feelings in larger flow, and the thoughts on wider circles, and the will to higher aims.

To him the heart of the South was a lute which for many years had been mute, but whereon he learned to play. " He took it, and touched it, and made

it thrill, and it thrills and throbs and quivers still."

II.

Grady had a soul full of music. He used his power as an orator to play it to the people. He piped in strains high and accents low. He sent it from him in march and waltz, in plantation melody and cathedral hymn, in child's song and battle-strain. He sought through his oration to strike all the notes of the orchestra.

He used it as a flute to play a sad night song; as guitar for minstrelsy as genial as the light; as violin for strains which made the blood tingle, or as organ to move the people with solemn swell to great action.

He varied his instrument according to the character of the music he had to give. Sometimes the banjo helped him best to express the sportive jingle he

felt. In one form or another his melody created a stir and tumult in the souls of all the people.

The bank president felt it forcing the atmosphere of his office into rhythmic waves, and disposing his heart to sweeter moods.

The railway engineer recognized it, synchronizing with the orderly throb of his sublime machine and taking away his thought to loved ones at home.

The farmer heard it, breaking over the hills, mingling with the winds that kept in constant undulation the leaves of his corn and responded with the whistle of cheer and hope.

The sewing woman perceived it moving the solitary air of her room to quicker vibrations, and stitched away with lighter spirit.

The country boy caught it, and found himself going off in aspiration for a nobler life.

The negro on the plantation was agitated by it, and was moved into humming some song he loved.

The poor tramp, homeless and breadless and friendless, found it throwing around his lonely heart a warmer climate, and thought of his mother and the time when a little innocent boy he stood by her side.

He was irresistible; refractory, stubborn, unlovable, hard men found it difficult to resist just a slight tinge of tenderness as the waves of Grady's music piled in successive layers around their unsympathetic lives.

Stingy men who seemingly could have faced death with more composure than the sense of obligation to contribute a cent, felt in spite of themselves the purse strings in their deep pockets slightly relaxing as they listened to the music of Grady's appeal.

Conservative people who take unc-

tion to themselves for never making a mistake, who regard their stupid individualities with undisturbed complacency because they never invest in patents, or read poetry, or buy books, could not keep their slow moving blood from getting into a quicker movement when the notes of Grady's music came up against their diminutive spirits.

III.

To be a great orator it is necessary to have a clear, distinct message to utter. There was hidden in the life of Henry W. Grady the detentions and suggestions of a glad literature. It was an original quotation from an eternal source that managed to get itself into the syntax and prosody of orations which kindled a new, wide and kindly light in twenty years of solemn time.

Never did message from the illimitable sources of thought and life come to

men at a more opportune moment. The section which gave Grady birth had been disorganized and dismantled by the conflicts of war. The Southern people were poor and downhearted, oppressed by the burden of defeat, and faced by the complications of untried problems. The sun of the Southern republic, which promised so much in its rising effulgence, had just gone down. The afterglow arising from the sense of honor unsullied, and from the assurance of duty faithfully performed, kept, it is true, the horizon of the sinking confederacy red for a long time after the echo of the last gun had died away. But the brilliant display of pink bars of cloud, and orange flush of haze, shot into the western sky of the failing Southern republic from the heroism of Jackson and the courage of Lee, and the sacrifice of brave men and the devotion of tender women, could not keep

the shadow lines from falling across the pageantry of glorious color.

Around the afterglow of vermillion and purple and green, there was a fringe of night which threatened, inch by inch, to close in a curtain of darkness. At a time like this, Grady began to find in the folds of his glowing young life the alphabet of the doctrine of hope. Preliminary lessons from the literature of his mission he began to get. He was to call the attention of the Southern people from the afterglow of the sinking Confederacy, with its sad beauty of reminiscence and departing vision.

He had seen the red streaks of a dawn which betokened the interior splendors of a grander day. Up the Eastern horizon he saw arising the wondrous foregleams of a great future.

Under the stimulus of this light from the frontiers of new time, the letters in

his living spirit began to gather themselves into words, and the words into sentences, and the sentences to get filled with a meaning it became the passion of his life to make known.

Phlegmatic, low-keyed people, coming in contact with the boundless optimism of Grady, said he was visionary, and that his enterprises would not succeed. That class of men who are too stupid to think and too cowardly to get out of the beaten track, and too stingy to spend a cent on a promising experiment, always predict failure to the originality that dares to live and breathe under the burning sun. They would expect the honeysuckles to fail because they are so gay, and happy, and red, were they not assured by precedent, the only logic they comprehend, that they have been blooming for ages.

While wise and conservative and

slow men were ringing the changes on the doctrine that the South was getting poorer and poorer every day, Grady with his orations and editorials was waking up his section and bringing a new invoice of blood to the hearts of her people.

IV.

In 1886 he was invited to deliver an address upon the occasion of the New England dinner in New York, on "The New South." The surroundings were complicated. Demonstrations in honor of Jefferson Davis had been credited to the remains of the spirit of rebellion. How the South could honor its living heroes, and cover with flowers the graves of its sleeping dead, and yet be loyal to the flag, and in sympathy with the Union, was not understood.

The crossing of swords by editors of

different sections had kept the air full of misunderstandings and misinterpretations. Thus to be called to speak of the South to such a company, and under such conditions, while an honor, was attended with grave perils. Mr. Grady recognized the delicacy of the position, and accepted the responsibility. He had lived long enough to form for himself a conception of the South. He understood her resources, the hearts, and motives, of her people. He had imbibed from her genial skies, and learned from her loving sons, and caught from her suffering and her trials lessons which went to make the conception complete. It was not overdrawn; it was not unfair. It was such a conception of the South as squared with the facts. This conception he was not to chisel into cold, unfeeling marble, but was to throw it out into

Northern thought, and to make it live entire and complete in Northern hearts.

His traditions, his instincts, his training, came to his help. His exquisite taste and boundless charity guided him. The mistake of a word or of an insinuation would have been fatal. He accomplished his work like a prince. He embodied his conception in Northern sentiment and left it to live and work in Northern convictions. It sensibly and perceptibly moved the sections nearer together. It thawed out much coldness, and inaugurated a better day.

The gulf stream hugged in mid-winter New England's ice-bound coasts. The warm winds from its waters softened and scattered the blizzards that rushed over New England's hills. It was a speech of twenty minutes in length, but it did more to unite the North and the South than all the ora-

tions of politicians and discussions of editors that had occupied public attention since the war.

Mr. Grady believed that

"Hate and mistrust are the children of blindness.
Could North and South but see one another, 'twere well!
Knowledge is sympathy, charity, kindness.
Ignorance only is maker of hell.
Could we but gaze for an hour, for a minute,
Deep in each other's unfaltering eyes,
Love were begun—for that look would begin it—
Born in the flash of a mighty surprise.
* * * * * *
Then should we, growing in strength and in sweetness,
Fusing to one indivisible Soul,
Dazzle the world with a splendid completeness,
Mightily single, immovably whole."

It was the speech in which Mr. Grady gave the first national display of brilliant imagery from the boundless resources of his illuminated spirit. Upon that occasion he was like an animated Aurora with the variations of a

luminous sunset, and managed in twenty minutes to bathe the whole nation in splendid light. Never did light in contact with cloud and water and dust, produce a better twenty minutes display than did the light of Grady's oration in contact with the sorrows and disappointments and achievements and hopes of Southern history, throw out before the brilliant company that make up the New England society in New York on that night. That was the time we all went to the sacred altar of the Republic to repent of our national sins, and to pledge ourselves to higher thinking, sweeter feeling and grander action.

The last great speech Mr. Grady ever delivered was in Boston. It was upon the occasion of a banquet given by the merchants of that city. He was asked to discuss the race problem. His former addresses and work had come to the attention of the republic.

He was the acknowledged leader of the South. What he said was insured a hearing and what he wrote a reading. He was to speak on a subject less understood and more often treated than any in our social life. A theme hackneyed and old, but a theme ever new, because coming up in so many forms, and charged with interests so peculiar and relations so difficult of adjustment. He was to speak in the home of Sumner and Phillips, and under the shadow of Fanuel Hall. He was to be just to the South, fair to a weak and belated race, and true to the facts, from which conclusions had been drawn so diverse. He had a conception of the colored race, and a solution for the colored problem.

It was not to be settled by law, or by force, or by editorials, written at a distance from the South, but by love. He was a true and tried friend of the

colored people. He had been petted and nursed when a child by a colored mamma. He had been melted by their songs and charmed by their folk lore. All who knew his heart, understood that he could not have been unjust to them. He uttered his message in Boston, and through Boston to the people of this country. They heard and pondered it. They said, "These are the words of an earnest, honest, manly man. They are spoken in love. We shall treasure them and honor the man who uttered them." Those who differed from him, did so in respect and good will.

He left the scenes of his triumph, wrapped in the nation's applause, and came home to die amid the tears and the anguish of his people.

"All we have will'd or hop'd or dream'd of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that prov'd too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard.

HENRY W. GRADY

The Man.

"Art's use; what is it but to touch the springs
Of nature? But to hold a torch up for
Humanity in Life's large corridor,
To guide the feet of peasants and of kings!

What is it but to carry union through
Thoughts alien to thoughts kindred, and to merge
The lines of color that should not diverge,
And give the sun a window to shine through!

What is it but to make the world have heed
For what its dull eyes would hardly scan!
To draw in a stark light a shameless deed,
And show the fashion of a kingly man!

To cherish honor, and to smite all shame,
To lend hearts voices, and give all thoughts a name!"

—GILBERT PARKER.

CHAPTER III.

HENRY W. GRADY, THE MAN.

Henry W. Grady was born in Athens, Georgia, in 1851. He was educated at the University of the state, located in the place of his nativity. While quite young he joined the Methodist church, and was a member of it till his death. He grew up without forming bad habits. He tasted neither tea, nor coffee, nor wine, nor tobacco; he never even learned to drink milk. Nothing but pure water ever passed his lips. Yet no one relished more the simple pleasures of life.

" Life was good to him, and there or here
With that sufficing joy, the day was never cheap.
Thereto his mind was its own ample sphere

* * * * * *

Made its own climate, nor could any marge
Traced by convention stay him from his bent,
He had a habitude of mountain air ;
He brought wide outlook where he went."

The world meant more to him and brought more to him than to others. The changing seasons stimulated and cheered him.

The flying clouds dropped something from their white folds into his thought that moved him and lifted him. The flowers in the meadow and field whispered to his ear things that others did not hear. The golden air, down which he saw, when a boy, the pigeons fly, had a blessed meaning to him. The solemn night and the falling dew brought awe and reverence to his spirit.

" Nature and he went hand in hand
Across the hills and down the lonely lane;
* * * * * *
So She, who loved him for his love of her,
Made him the heir to traceries and signs
On tiny children nigh too small to stir
In great green plains or hazel leaf of vines.

She taught the treble of the nightingale;
Revealed the velvet secret of the rose."

I.

Going from Orizaba to the City of Mexico, in company with a friend, through the valley of Apam, we had just passed the pyramids of Cholula, thirty miles out from the capital of the Montezumas. The train was moving toward the west. The sun was about thirty minutes above the horizon. The atmosphere at the high altitude upon which we were moving, holds commerce with the sinking light after a form and fashion indescribably beautiful. The serious and somber rays are received and quenched, while the bright and gay notes are thrown into a symphony of color that beggars definition.

The sun itself seemed to be the hub of a wheel with an infinite number of spokes. These radiated from the center and lengthened out every whither

into an occidental circle as large as half the whole round sky. It was the song of the sun, seemingly raised to celebrate the departure of that orb to the shores of other lands. The valley with its maguey plantations, the city with its distant spires, and the rim of the surrounding mountains were literally baptized in the waves of the glorious music played by the sinking day. Popocatepetl with white head 18,000 feet above sea level, blushed, as if agitated by the pleasant suspicion that the whole chorus was a love song sent by the sun to her willing heart.

The elements in Grady's spirit were so rarified and combined after the provisions of some fresh formula, that when the light from behind the sunlight fell on them only the bright colors were thrown back and wheeled into a circle of luminous splendor about his throbbing life. I have seen people stop to

look at him as he moved with gladsome swing and straight, vigorous step along the street, as they would stop to observe some striking phenomenon of nature.

There was a perpetual charm about his personality that could be worked out by no science. It was caused by the play of light from some unseen source upon the elements of his marvelous spirit. By the magnetism of his personality, by the impact of his spirit, by the warmth of his thought, he was capable of raising men to a very high degree of social temperature. It was in this way he got so much from them for the public good. He lifted them with all they had to the point where they glowed and radiated. Money was released from the gravity of selfishness which keeps it generally so close to the ground; till it circled around like feathers in the wind. Thus

he was capable of astonishing feats. At one time he raised seventy or eighty thousand dollars from the public-spirited men of his native city, to erect the finest Young Men's Christian Association building that stands in the Southern States. To have carried men as high as he did above the common levels of ordinary human life, for the purpose of helping forward great commercial and moral enterprises, would have been to sacrifice their confidence, had it not been for the fact that it was known that Grady did not know what selfishness meant. He was always oblivious to his own monetary interests. The money he had was subject to every good cause. The giving point was not an altitude to which he climbed occasionally. It constituted the permanent tableland of his life.

It is well known that meat and bread will not keep one alive unless he feeds

also on the atmosphere. There was in Grady, as there is within us all, a spirit that called for an equation with finer food than could be made with bread and meat and air. He fed on the effluence of an eternal intelligence, and partook of sentiments from the unseen sources of unfailing emotion. Grady's career was the unwinding of the skein of thought deposited in the possibilities of his life, and the drama of his existence was the recovery of the incidents and events that floated in the love which gave him to the world.

Wordsworth says, "Our birth is a forgetting, the soul that rises with us, our life star hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar; we come from God, who is our home, and we forget the glories we have known, and that imperial palace whence we come." Grady kept up commerce with the

homelands, and did not forget the imperial palace whence we come; hence the sufferings of the poor touched him to tears. He recognized his kinship to all God's children.

"Some find their natural selves, and only then
In furloughs of divine escape from men,
But he basked and bourgeoned in copartnery
Companionship, and opened windowed glee."

He heard the cry of the babe of Bethlehem across the centuries, and this cry awakened within him emotion and sympathy for all God's needy ones on earth.

II.

He was concerned about all things relating to human life, its business, its loves, its fears, its hopes. Byron said that his college friends, after they had completed their studies, went about the world wearing monstrous masks, as lawyers, soldiers, parsons and the

like. Mr. Grady looked through social distinctions and official decorations to the hearts and interests beneath them.

A newsboy's tale of sorrow held him, as completely as the movements of senators. As an editor and an orator he sought to advance ~~public~~ interests and social well being, as a man his work was with individuals. He was related by some act of kindness to every individual in his native state. He was constantly speaking a word or writing a telegram about individuals when they had no thought of it. He saw everything and felt everything that concerned the people about him. Whether they were lawyers, or doctors, or engineers, or bootblacks, if he came to know them, they were ever after carried in his thought.

His heart and his pocket-book were open, the one to give sympathy, the

other help. During his last days, when delirious, he was often talking of helping some poor fellow to get a start. He would say, "I'll give twenty-five dollars, and this one will give so much, and thus we will get him on his feet again."

He had a deeply religious nature, and strong faith in God.

On a visit to his mother he told her he wanted to be a boy again. She toasted cheese for him in the corner and tucked the cover around him at night, and breathed to heaven a prayer for him as she had over her little boy in the years departed. She carried him to Sunday-school, and when the children sang, "Shall we gather at the river?" he covered his face in both his hands and cried like a child. When his mother came to see him in his last illness, the first words

he said to her was, " Mother, my feet are in the river."

When he was at the University of Virginia, he went with a friend to the home of Thomas Jefferson. Having reached the home of the great Jefferson, a party of young men and women who had preceded them were engaged in a dance. His friend proposed that they each get a partner and join in the dance.

Mr. Grady said, " Do you know that this was the home of the greatest man whom this country has ever produced? He was not only the author of the Declaration of Independence, but he was Congressman, Governor, Foreign Minister, Secretary of State, Vice-President and President of the United States; and it does seem to me a desecration to sing and dance in thoughtless revelry over the ashes of the Sage of Monticello."

His friend went into the room to get his partner, while Mr. Grady walked under the stars to commune with the spirit of the great man who had made that a classic spot in America. To stand with uncovered head on Bunker Hill, out of respect to the memory of those who had made that mound memorable, was the most natural thing in the world for him to do. He loved his countrymen. He had a nature that had been touched and made soft and universal by the religion of Him who loved all men. This it was that enabled him to hold in his hand the key that promised to bring the lightnings from the dark clouds of misunderstanding above our political sky, harmless to the ground.

An insight into the repose and beauty of Mr. Grady's spirit may be had by the following short editorial from his pen written for his paper, *The Atlanta Constitution*, exactly a year before the

day of his burial. The subject was, "A Perfect Christmas Day."

"No man or woman now living will see again such a Christmas day as the one which closed yesterday, when the dying sun piled the western skies with gold and purple. A winter day it was, shot to the core with sunshine. It was enchanting to walk abroad in its prodigal beauty, to breathe its elixir, to reach out the hands and plunge them open fingered through its pulsing waves of warmth and freshness. It was June and November welded and fused into a perfect glory that held the sunshine and snow beneath tender and splendid skies. To have winnowed such a day from the teeming winter was to have found an odorous peach on a bough whipped in the storms of winter. One caught the musk of yellow grain, the flavor of ripening nuts, the fragrance of strawberries, the ex-

quisite odor of violets, the aroma of all seasons in the wonderful day. The hum of bees underrode the whistling wings of wild geese flying southward. The fire slept in drowsing grates while the people marveling out-doors watched the south winds woo the roses and the lilies.

"Truly it was a day of days. Amidst its riotous luxury surely life was worth living to hold up the head and breathe it in as thirsting men drink water. To put every sense on its gracious excellence, to throw the hands wide apart and hug whole armfuls of the day close to the heart till the heart itself is enraptured and illumined. God's benediction came down with the day slow dropping from the skies. God's smile was its light and all through and through its supernal beauty and stillness unspoken but appealing to every heart and sanctifying every soul, was

his invocation and promise. 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

As of William of Orange, it may be said of Mr. Grady when he died, "The little children cried in the streets."

"In the wild autumn weather, when the rain was on the sea,
And the boughs sobbed together, Death came and spoke to me:
'Those red drops of thy heart I have come to take from thee;
As the storm sheds the rose, so thy love shall broken be,'
Said Death to me.

"Then I stood straight and fearless while the rain was in the wave,
And I spake low and tearless: 'When thou hast made my grave,
Those red drops from my heart then thou shalt surely have;
But the rose keeps its bloom, as I my love will save
All for my grave.'

"In the wild autumn weather a dread sword slipped from its sheath;
While the boughs sobbed together, I fought a fight with Death,

And I vanquished him with prayer, and I vanquished him by faith;
Now the summer air is sweet with the rose's fragrant breath
That conquered Death."

FINIS.